

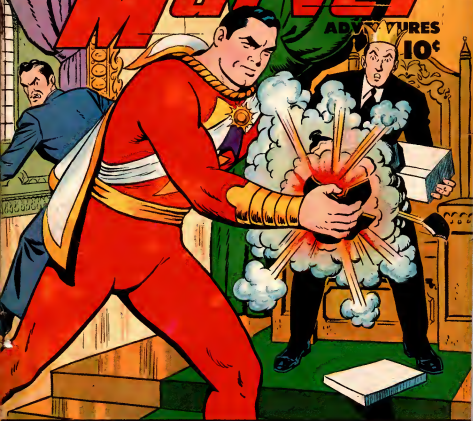


A Fawcett Publication

NO. 69
FEBRUARY

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES
10¢



EXPLOSIVE ACTION . . . INTRIGUE . . . EXCITEMENT
AS
CAPTAIN MARVEL GETS KNIGHTED



BOYS! GIRLS!

SEND NOW! GET THIS

MAGIC SHOW

10 WONDERFUL TRICKS

and ILLUSIONS *only* 15¢

BE A MAGICIAN!
PUT ON YOUR OWN
MAGIC SHOW!

Amaze and mystify your spectators and friends with 10 great, complete tricks.

[COMPLETE . . . including
 necessary apparatus and
 all instructions.]

(See picture of Betty Crocker
 cut from bottom of BETTY
 CROCKER BREAKFAST TRAY)

ALL TEN TRICKS EASY TO DO!

Great spectators say that the best tricks are usually the easiest ones to perform! These ten tricks and illusions have been assembled for you by a nationally-known magician (whose name we are not permitted to reveal). All ten tricks have been especially selected so that they are easy to perform. Remember—you get the necessary apparatus and all instructions right with the set!

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR MAGIC SHOW!

It's easy! Just go to your grocery and get the BETTY CROCKER BREAKFAST TRAY! That's the crucial requirement that gives you a total of TEN individual-size packages of your favorite cereals! Each package is just big enough for one serving, and there are four of WHEATIES, four of CRISPERON — and two of KIX! On the bottom of the BETTY CROCKER BREAKFAST TRAY, you will notice a small picture of BETTY CROCKER. Cut this picture out and send it together with the coupon, and only 15 cents! Your complete set of 10 Magic Tricks and Illusions will be mailed to you immediately! And you'll be all ready to put on your own MAGIC SHOW!

General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

- 1 THE INCREDIBLE MIND READING TRICK!** (When you know how to do it, you apparently read anyone's mind . . . It's incredible!)
- 2 THE VANISHING BLOCK!** (As if by magic, one block suddenly becomes three blocks!)
- 3 THE JUMPING BLOCK!** (Secret! Block actually appears to jump from one of your hands to the other!)
- 4 THE COPY BERRY COVERS!** (You do this trick right out in the open . . . right before their eyes, with nothing cut behind! That's why anyone to duplicate it!)
- 5 THE RADAR VISION TRICK!** (Imagine! You apparently see right through walls! Some apparatus makes it easy!)
- 6 TELEVISION COLOR DISC!** (You actually tell the color of those young stars who cut across them! How? You'll know when you get the set!)
- 7 THE MYSTERIOUS ORIENTAL METAL TRICK!** (You are able to accomplish what seems to be impossible—by placing metal on water!)
- 8 THE VANISHING DISC!** (People can't believe it's true — that you really make that disc disappear with the wave of your hand!)
- 9 MYSTIC HINDU SMOKEBANDS!** (A wondrous optical illusion! You are apparently able to stretch solid pieces!)
- 10 THE VANISHING SOUL!** (You cover the mirror box with your handkerchief and . . . presto—she's gone! Where? That's your secret!)

YOU'LL BE THE
Life of the Party!
 Don't waste time you believe the
 value of attention whenever you
 do—unless you get this wonderful
 set! Magic Show Set!

MOST UNUSUAL MAGIC SET
VALID IN YEARS!
 If you have checked on regular
 store prices for magic sets, you
 realize what a tremendous value
 this really is. Many magic sets
 cost more than this complete set!

HURRY!
 15 CENTS GUARANTEE OFFER
 ON THIS GREAT MAGIC SHOW
 SET! ONLY 15 CENTS!
 (SEE PAGE 15)

SEND TO—GENERAL MILLS, INC.
 Dept. 230,
 Minneapolis, Minn.



WHEATIES and CRISPERON not yet available in the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, California, Colorado, Minnesota or Wyoming.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

General Mills, Inc.
 Dept. 230, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send my complete Magic Show set free! I am enclosing a picture of Betty Crocker cut from the bottom of the Betty Crocker Breakfast Tray—and 15 cents. (Offer closes March 15, 1947.)

My name is

My address is

City State

CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

A Fawcett Publication



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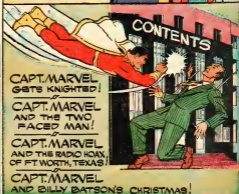
W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT

ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREAT-EST MEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAVE BEEN GATHERED TOGETHER AND PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE BOY REPORTER, **BILLY BATSON**.

WHEN HE PRONOUNCES THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT WIZARD **SHAZAM!** HE BECOMES IN A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING THE MIGHTY **CAPTAIN MARVEL!** THEN WHEN EVIL IS DEFEATED AND JUSTICE AGAIN ESTABLISHED, **MARVEL** RETURNS THE WORD AND CHANGES BACK TO **BILLY BATSON**. SO AMAZING IS THE CHANGE THAT MOST PEOPLE NEVER EVEN REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED!



SOLOMON - WISDOM
MERCURUS - STRENGTH
ATLAS - STAMINA
ZEUS - POWER
CHALES - COURAGE
ERCOLUS -



CAPT. MARVEL GETS KNIGHTED!

CAPT. MARVEL AND THE TWO FACED MAN!

CAPT. MARVEL AND THE RADIO HOAX OF FT. WORTH, TEXAS!

CAPT. MARVEL AND BILLY BATSON'S CHRISTMAS!

ALSO A LAUGH-FILLED SELECTION OF HUMOR FEATURES

and THE REVENGE OF THE SPACE HERMIT, ANOTHER STIRRING JON JARL STORY!

February, 1937. Vol. 12, No. 69

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WHEN HE FIRST HEARD THE NEWS, THE AMBASSADOR FROM THE MONARCHY OF GRANSTAN SAID... AND HE QUOTE-



IN DUEL-TIME WORD REACHED THE OFFICES OF LEADING NEWSPAPERS....



OVER LEADING RADIO STATIONS, THE STARTLING NEWS IS FLASHED TO THE WORLD...

THE KING OF GRESHAM WANTS TO KNIGHT CAPTAIN MARVEL. / SO FAR, NO WORD HAS BEEN HEARD FROM CAPTAIN MARVEL. / WILL HE DECLINE THE HONOR?



WHILE IN A PRIVATE OFFICE AT STATION HQ2 ...

BILLY, THE AMBASSADOR FROM GRESHAM IS WAITING OUTSIDE! / WHERE IS CAPTAIN MARVEL?



I DON'T THINK I'LL LIKE THIS! / BRING IN THE AMBASSADOR!

CAPTAIN MARVEL WILL HAVE TO DECIDE ABOUT THE HONOR...

SHAZAM!



BILLY'S MAGIC WORD, GIVEN TO HIM BY THE OLD EGYPTIAN WIZARD, BRINGS A VIVID FLASH OF LIGHTING...



... AND MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL APPEARS!

HA! AT LAST I HAVE FOUND YOU, GENERAL MARVEL!



CAPTAIN MARVEL IS MY NAME!

QUITE SO, YES-YEA! / I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOUR MAJESTY WANTS TO CONFER KNIGHTHOOD ON AN ORDINARY CAPTAIN!



I APPRECIATE THE HONOR, BUT...

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T ACCEPT! / I DON'T WANT TO BE A KNIGHT!



YOU ARE JESTING, SIR! / THE HONOR OF GRESHAM IS INVOLVED! / YOU CAN'T REFUSE THE KING!

IT MIGHT MEAN WAR!

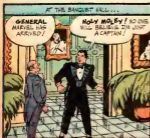


HOLY MOLLEY!





CAPTAIN MARVEL





CAPTAIN MARVEL



YOU'RE MISTAKEN, CAPTAIN MARVEL!

YOUR MAJESTY!



OBVIOUSLY, THIS IS A TRICK TO DISCREDIT YOU! BUT IT WON'T SUCCEED! I'VE STILL MADE YOU A KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN HOODING! THE ORDER ASSURES THE INFLUENCE OF A KING. RUN LIKE YOU!

WOW! THE HAIR MUST BE BEING TORN! WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



LATER, THE KING ALSO SHARES OF HIS PLANNED FALLURE!

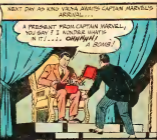
... THE KNIGHTING OF CAPTAIN MARVEL WILL TAKE PLACE TOMORROW!

INCREDIBLE! MY BROTHER HAS LOST HIS MIND! HE CAN'T KNOW THAT HIS KING BUFFOON AFTER WHAT HAPPENED!



THE HONOR OF THE GOLDEN HOODING IS AT STAKE! THE HOUR HAS COME, ALBINO!

CONGRAT! MY BROTHER AND HIS RESERVING MUST GO! IN ONE HOUR I WILL GET RID OF THE SERGEANT MARVELL, AND TAKE OVER THE THRONE OF GRANITA!



NEXT DAY AN KING VERA AWARDS CAPTAIN MARVELS AWARD...

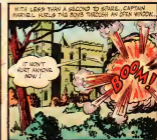
A PRESENT FROM CAPTAIN MARVEL, YOU SAY? I WOULD LIKE WANT IN IT!... **OHMY!** A BOMB!



BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL ENTERS IN TIME TO OVERHEAR VERA'S SNEAKED EXPLANATION...

WOW! TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM! CAPTAIN MARVEL WILL GET THE BLAME!

GIVE ME THAT BOX!



WITH LESS THAN A SECOND TO SPARE, CAPTAIN MARVEL HURLS THE BOYS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...

IT WON'T HURT ANYONE NOW!

BOOM!





LONG LIVE THE
GOLDEN STOCKINGS!

MY OWN BROTHERS...
A TRAITOR! TAKE HIM TO
PRISON TO WAIT
TRIAL!



THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! NOW
I'M GOING TO DISBAND THE ORDER
OF THE GOLDEN STOCKINGS! I
THOUGHT I COULD BURN IT,
BUT NOW I SEE THAT
GRAFFAN WOULD BE
BETTER OFF
WITHOUT IT!

THAT'S A WISE
DECISION, YOUR
MAJESTY!



I WON'T BE ABLE TO KNIGHT YOU
NOW, BUT YOU ARE A FAKE KNIGHT
KNIGHT THAN I COULD EVER MAKE
YOU. YOU ARE A KNIGHT OF
DEMOCRACY! SOMEDAY,
FRIENDS, MY COUNTRY WILL
UNDERSTAND THE MEANING
OF REAL NOBILITY...

YOU'VE GOT A
BIG JOB
AHEAD, YOUR
MAJESTY! I
KNOW YOU LIKE IT!



SO CAPTAIN MARVEL DIDN'T BECOME A KNIGHT
AFTER ALL, FOLKS! FROM WHAT HE SAID OF THE
SO-CALLED KNIGHTS, HE'S JUST AS HAPPY
TO BE PLAIN CAPTAIN MARVEL!
AND KING WALYA IS CONTINUING
TO DO A FINE JOB TO BRING
DEMOCRACY TO GRAFFAN!
"BYE NOW!"

the CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB IS FLYING HIGH!

HERE'S YOUR COUPON, FILL IT
OUT PROPERLY AND MAIL IT IN TODAY!

WHY NOT JOIN THE FUN?

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET...

- OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON
- MEMBERSHIP CARD
- SECRET CODE

and MANY OTHER
SURPRISES!

CAPTAIN MARVEL
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Star Coupon Form

Please send me as a member of the growing **Captain Marvel Club**. I enclose 10¢ to cover my share of the cost of mailing this 4¢ subscription. Please I am to receive my **CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB** which contains the latest news and the **CAPTAIN MARVEL** illustrated publications with many other services.

Name _____ Age _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send no money now! We'll bill you later!

WANT TO BE A
**champion
dancer?**

Famous Dance Man Arthur Murray Shows You How in Wheaties New Library of Sports Book



FOR ONLY 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP, SEND COUPON BELOW OR WRITE WHEATIES, LIBRARY OF SPORTS, DEPT. 319, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN.



MAGIC STEP

NOTE! New copy of "Let's Dance" includes illustrations by leading dancer Murray's Magic Step. An easy way to master Murray's Magic Step—the secret of his easy-to-learn method.



IN A HURRY

NOTE! Learn the latest, the Fast Step, the Walk-About, the Mocha-and-Caramel from expert ballroom dancer and Murray's Magic Step Arthur Murray, America's best known dance instructor.



PERSONAL LESSON

TIP! Get complete with your "Let's Dance" book! Get our private 15 minute lesson at special Arthur Murray Dance Studio. The first personal dance lesson is to check your progress. An expert Murray teacher will come with you, analyze your dancing, show you how any faults can be corrected. A world-famous Arthur Murray-Murray dancing course.

Dancing is Fun - a pleasant sport - a beautiful exercise - a social asset. Dancing will help you to be a popular member of your gang. Dancing loosely, too, (even if you've never danced before) once you learn the magic methods of Arthur Murray.

You teach yourself. No partner is needed for preliminary lessons. All you need is a copy of Arthur Murray's new 44-page book "Let's Dance," and a

photograph or radio. Especially posed pictures and two-color dance diagrams help make learning easy.

All the basic instruction you need to step out confidently on any dance floor is your Murray-Wheaties book. There's a special section on dance floor etiquette that will help you feel at home and at ease. Plus a valuable list of "Dance Don'ts" that will head off errors made by most beginners.



"Let's Dance" and 14 other books in Wheaties Library of Sports are endorsed by General Mills makers of Wheaties, "Weed and Grasses." Many Wheaties for breakfast every morning, and start getting every day of these champion sports items right away.

CUT AND MAIL TODAY!

Wheaties, Library of Sports
Dept. 319, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please send me Wheaties and Library of Sports book, "Let's Dance," by Arthur Murray. America's most famous dance master. I enclose only 10¢ and one Wheaties box top.

Name _____

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This special offer not good after July 1, 1949



TICKETED FOR
TROUBLE





Tootsie ROLL SAVES THE CAPTAIN

© 1965 THE Tootsie Roll Company



CAPTAIN MARVEL

and the TWO-FACED MAN!



GAVE A TEAR OF PITY FOR SILAS O. SQUINCHMAN,
AS HE COMES TO HIS OFFICE ONE MORNING!
EVERY MORNING THE SAME THING HAPPENS!

HERE'S OLD BOSS
PUSS! BOY,
WHAT A PRIZE!

HE NEVER
CRACKED A SMILE
IN HIS LIFE!



TAKE A
LETTER, BOSS
JONES!

YEA, BOSS
PUSS... SO,
I MEAN...MR.
SQUINCHMAN!



LATER, WHEN A SALESMAN ARRIVES...

HELLO, OLD SOUL PUSS! WHOSE FUNERAL IS IT? NOT MINE, YOU ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THAT! HA, HA!

HEH, HEH!

WELL, GO LOAD, OLD SOUL PUSS!

OLD SOUL PUSS!
OLD SOUL PUSS!
I'LL GO MAD!
STARE, STARE,
STARE, STARE,
MAD!

IT'S NOT MY FAULT! I WAS BORN WITH THIS FACE! I JUST CAN'T SMILE, NO MATTER HOW I TRY! ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN CALLED SOUL PUSS! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!

AND WHO ARE YOU? IF YOU CALL ME SOUL PUSS, I'LL...

TUT, TUT, MR. SQUINCH-MAN? I'M DOC LASSON, AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT, YOUR... ER... FACE!

YOU SEE, I'M A PLASTIC SURGEON! DO YOU WANT A SMILE PUT ON YOUR FACE? I CAN DO IT IN A FEW MINUTES!

YOU CAN PUT A SMILE ON MY FACE? BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO GO TO A HOSPITAL!

HOSPITAL... NONSENSE! THIS IS A VERY SIMPLE OPERATION! JUST TAKE THIS PAIN-KILLING PILL AND RELAX! YOU'LL BE ALL WELL BY THE EVENING!

OH! MOMENTS LATER...

DONE! BUT YOU MUST KEEP THESE BANDAGES ON YOUR FACE ALL DAY! TAKE A NAP AND I'LL HAND YOUR SECRETARY CANCEL ALL APPOINTMENTS!



BUT WHILE OLD BOSS PUSS HAPS, THE
CROOKED DOCTOR SHOWS HIS TRUE COLORS!

HE'LL PAY ME PLENTY FOR WHAT I DID! BUT
WHAT I REALLY WANT IS THE COMBINATION
TO HIS SAFE AT HOME! THIS IS A BETTER
WAY TO MAKE A LIVING THAN WHAT I USED
TO DO--PUSHING ROLLERS OUT OF SHUT-
UP CROOKS!



FINALLY...

NOW FOR
THE GRAND
UNWINDING!

WILL MY FACE
REALLY BE
GRANDER? WILL
I HAVE A
SMILE?



A SMILE ON MY FACE!
YOU DID IT!
HURRAY!

MY FEE IS...
...AREN... ONLY
ONE THOUSAND
DOLLARS!



IT'S WORTH IT! HI DEE DEE!
NURSEY CAN CALL ME BOSS PUSS
ANYTIME! OH, I'M SO HAPPY!

YIPPEE!

GOODBYE!



IT IS A MOMENT OF GREAT TRIUMPH
FOR "OLD BOSS PUSS!"

WHY BOSS
PUSS...
BE... MR.
GRUNCHMAN, P?

HA, HA, HA! YOU CAN'T
CALL ME BOSS PUSS ANY
MORE, WITH THIS
SMILE ON MY FACE!



BUT AS DOC LANSCH LEAVES THE OFFICE, HE
PASSES ALERT BILLY BAYSON, BOY BROAD-
CASTER!

HEY! THAT'S DOC LANSCH, THE
QUACK WHO TREATS CROOKS
FOR BULLET WOUNDS!
THE POLICE WANT
HIM... SHAZAM!



MAGIC
LIGHTNING
PUNCHES
CAPTAIN
MARVEL!

BOOM!

ULPS! CAPTAIN
MARVEL! BUT
I'LL FLING THESE
BANDAGES IN
HIS EYES!

HEY!



DOGGONE! HE GOT AWAY IN THE CROWDS! BUT I'LL SEE WHAT HE WAS UP TO IN HERE!



BEHIND ME SQUINCHEMAN HAS A CALLER TO NAME HE MAKES A BUSINESS PROPOSITION!

NOW THAT'S THE DEAL I'M OFFERING YOU!

FINE! LET'S SIGN THE PAPERS!



BUT WAIT! WHY ARE YOU GRINNING LIKE A MONKEY? ARE YOU PITCHING SOMETHING OVER ON ME?

MONSIEUR! JUST SIGN!



YOU'RE TRICKING ME INTO SOMETHING YOU GRINNING FOY! TAKE THAT!

BANG!

OWWW!



BUT EVEN WITH GREAT PAIN, THE PERMANENT SMILE ON SQUINCHEMAN'S FACE DOES NOT LEAVE!

I'LL MAKE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE!

OWWW! OHHH, MY CHIN!



HELP! MURDER!

GRAB HIM, YOU IDIOT!



I'LL NEVER DO BUSINESS WITH YOU AGAIN!

GROAN!

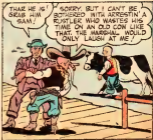
WHAT? YOU GROAN AND YET YOU GRIN LIKE AN IDIOT!













Captain MARVEL

and the GREAT RADIO HOAX of FORT WORTH, TEXAS



FOOLING! When I visited Fort Worth, Texas, I expected to broadcast over the radio BUT NOT TO BE BROADCAST! OUR VISIT TO THE CITY OF SQUARE WINDOWS TURNED OUT TO BE ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING EXPERIENCES CAPTAIN MARVEL AND I HAVE HAD!



A ROYAL WELCOME... PROVIDED BY HONOR SENATOR FORANUS AND HONOR CONY PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MEETS BILLY BRISON AS HE ARRIVES AT THE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

KEEP COVER THE PLANE WITH BILLY BRISON REARMS SPEAK UP THE SAND AS SOON AS HE STRIPS OUT!



HONOR CONY AS I WOULD EXPECTED ALL THIS!

WELCOME TO FORT WORTH BILLY! MEET HONOR CONY

hello, Billy!



AS BILLY BRISON IS DRIVEN DOWN HIGHWAY 50 ON HIS WAY TO THE HOTEL, TEXAS, HE RECEIVES A TREMBLING NOTION

WHEEE!

'TRAY!

"THE MANAGER OF THE HOTEL TEXAS HAS RESERVED THE BEST SUITE FOR YOU!

FOR ME???

GOSH!

WHEOOO!



LATER, BILLY RELAXES IN HIS SUITE AT THE HOTEL TEXAS —



WOW! WHAT A DAY! I WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE!

OH JOE SCALPES! HE'S COME TO ASK A FAVOR IN THE NAME OF SAINT NORTH... I ASK YOU TO LEND MY LATEST INVENTION THE RESPECT OF CAPTAIN MARVEL.



HUH!

MY MACHINES WILL REVOLUTIONIZE RADIO ADVERTISING! WITH MY DISINTEGRATING MACHINES AND A SIMPLE LITTLE DEVICE ATTACHABLE TO ANY RECEIVING SET... THE WHOLE CAN ACTUALLY TRANSMIT SAMPLES TO HIS RADIO LISTENERS!



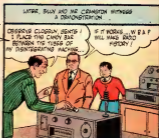
SOUNDS GREAT! I'LL CALL MR. CRAWFORD, THE DIRECTOR OF W.B.A.F.

HELLO, MR. CRAWFORD? THIS IS BILLY BATSON, A FRIEND OF MINE HAS AN INVENTION THAT HE CLAIMS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE RADIO INDUSTRY! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IT?

WELL, ALWAYS INTERESTED IN NEW IDEAS! BRING HIM OVER TO MY HOME!



LATER, BILLY AND MR. CRAWFORD WITNESS A DEMONSTRATION.



OBSERVE CLOSELY, BILLY! I PLACE THE CANDY BAR BETWEEN THE TUBES OF MY DISINTEGRATING MACHINE...

IF IT WORKS... W.B.A.F. WILL HAVE RADIO HISTORY!

AND PRESTO! THE BAR OF CANDY DISAPPEARS!

HOLY MOLEY!

INCREDIBLE!



I NOW REMOVE THE CANDY BAR FROM THE GROUPE ATTACHED TO THE RADIO RECEIVING SET... TO WHICH IT HAS BEEN TRANSMITTED! A PERFECT DEMONSTRATION OF HOW SAMPLES MAY BE RECEIVED VIA RADIO!



WONDERFUL!



WE'LL USE YOUR MACHINES IF WE CAN GET THEM AS SOON AS YOU CAN ARRANGE IT!

I'LL TAKE THE MACHINES RIGHT OVER TO THE STUDIO FOR YOU!
SHAZAM!



LIGHTNING FLARES AT THE SOUND OF THE MAGIC WORD AND BILLY BECOMES...
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'VE FOUND IT!
IT'S LOCATED IN THE MEDIA ARTS BUILDING!

DON'T BE NERVOUS, FELLOWS!



IT'S A B.A.P. FOOT WORKING LEADING BROADCAST STATION...

I JUST SPoke TO MR. WILLIAM WANNING AND HE IS GOING TO SPONSOR THE NEXT PROGRAM BRINGING AWAY TEN THOUSAND BAGS OF CANDY.

GREAT! IF CAPTAIN MARVEL WILL HELP ME, I'LL START SELLING THE RECORDING SET THROUGHOUT THE CITY!



THE NEXT DAY A THOUSAND BUSINESS IS CALLED ON WITH CAPTAIN MARVEL'S PRESENCE AT STAKE!

GET 'EM WHILE THEY LAST! THESE'RE OURS FOR EACH OF YOU!

DON'T RUSH, FOLKS!

GIVING THEM! IF CAPTAIN MARVEL'S BEHIND THIS I KNOW IT'S ON THE SQUARE!



AN HOUR LATER —

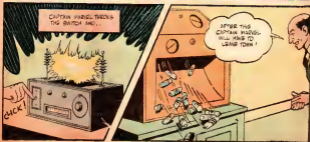
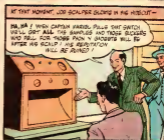
TRIED TO SELL EVERYTHING BUT THE ONE I HELD OUT!

WELL, WHAT A BIF THE MARVEL BUYER! HE'LL TAKE THOSE BUCKERS TRY TO USE THOSE MONEY SACKETS!



I'LL MEET YOU AT WE'VE FOUND IT! I WANT TO TAKE THE ATTACHMENT TO MY FRIEND, KEN PAGE, OWNER OF THE TWENTY NEWS CO.

OKAY!



AT THIS MOMENT, DISAPPOINTMENT BEING THROUGHOUT PEOPLE



MEANWHILE, I'LL SEE THAT EVERY ONE OF YOU RECEIVES THE PROMISED SAMPLE!



HOW ABOUT IT, MAN? ARE YOU WILLING TO GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO ROUND UP THE THUGS?

WE SPOKE
WELL!



CAPTAIN MARVEL SPEEDS INTO ACTION TO KEEP HIS PROMISE. FIRST STOP, MONKEY'S BEST STORES ... FOR MORE CANDY.

MR. MONKEY IS A REGULAR FELLOW TO COOPERATE WITH ME IN THIS JOB!



THERE, THAT'S THAT! NOW I'VE JUST GOT TIME TO MAKE A CONFERENCE AT MONKEY CORNER'S OFFICE!



WHOW! THIS IS SOME JOB, BUT A FEW HUNDRED MORE DELIVERINGS AND I'LL BE THROUGH!

THANKS, CAPTAIN MARVEL, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!



AT MONKEY CORNER'S OFFICE, JACK GORDON, WELL-KNOWN COLUMNIST OF THE FORT WORTH PRESS, AND BOB BOONE LISTEN CAREFULLY AS CAPTAIN MARVEL OUTLINES HIS PLAN OF ACTION.

THIS IS ABOUT THE ONLY WAY WE CAN CATCH HIM!



THE BURNING WORDS THAT MIGHT MAKE A STUNNING DISCLOSURE!

MORNING'S DEPARTMENT HEADS WILL AGAIN STRUGGLE TO BRING THE RADIO LISTENERS WITH A VALUABLE SAMPLE! BOY, WE'LL PULL THE GRAND STUNT AND CLEAN UP AGAIN! IT MARVEL'S SUPPOSED. I NEVER THOUGHT HE COULD WORK THE SAME TRICKS AGAIN!



CAPTAIN MARVEL PERSONALLY MAKES THE BROADCAST THAT NIGHT.

STAY TUNED IN, FOLKS, FOR A MARVELOUS SURPRISE!



NEARBY, JOE CRAMTON AND HIS BOSS BOBBY WANT THEIR SECOND CHANCE TO DEBATE CAPTAIN MARVEL!

FOR A MARVELOUS SURPRISE!

IS THE MACHINERY ALL SET, BOSS?

YEA, I GOT IT LINKED UP ON A B.A.F. FREQUENCY! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS COLLECT WHEN HE TURNS ON THE MACHINERY!



DON'T TURN THE MACHINERY ON UNTIL I SAY THE WORD! SPEAK!



AS THE MAGIC WORD IS SPOKEN... CAPTAIN MARVEL INSTANTLY BECOMES BILLY BARTON!

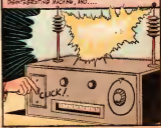


ALL RIGHT, MR. CRAMTON, TURN ON THE MACHINERY... I'M READY!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



BILLY BARTON BRIVELY PUTS HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE DEBATE-STARTING MACHINERY, AND....





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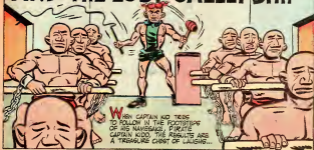
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CAPTAIN KID AND THE LOST GALLEY SHIP



WHEN CAPTAIN KID TRIES TO ROLL IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS NAMESAKE, FORTUNE CAPTAIN KIDDO, THE RESULTS ARE A TREASURE CHEST OF LAUGHS...



HEY, FELLERS, I JUST SPOTTED AN OLD GALLEY SHIP FLOATING IN THE RIVER!

THIS SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER ONE OF CAPTAIN KID'S HOT AIR STORIES!



FOLLOW ME AND I'LL PROVE IT!



THERE IT IS! IT MUST HAVE BEEN DRIFTING ON THE SEAS SINCE ANCIENT TIMES!

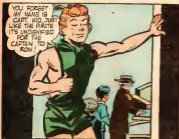
GOSH! CAPT. KID IS TELLING THE TRUTH!



I'M GOING TO SWIM OUT AND SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE ABOARD!

IF CAPT. KID HEN'T AFRAID NEITHER ARE WE. C'WON, BANG!







Revenge of the Space Hermit

by Eando Binder

JON JARL looked back as his one-man rocket ship sped through space. The sun was only a bright star behind him, hardly distinguishable from all the other stars. In fact, the whole solar system and all the nine planets were far behind him, for he had gone past the orbit of Pluto. Before him stretched only the vast empty deeps between stars. The nearest star, Alpha Centauri, was some twenty trillion miles away.

But there was something nearer than Alpha Centauri. There was a strange little wayward world, discovered in telescopes, which drifted outside the solar system. It was only five billion miles out. The wayward world had no connection with the solar system, but was drifting through space parallel to it. For a week Jon Jarl had been driving toward this outer planet on a mission for the Space Patrol.

The terse message from headquarters had said, a week before—"Brute Blasko, wanted man, not found on nine planets. Possible he went to Outer World. Investigate."

And thus Jon Jarl had refitted at the Pluto station with extra fuel tanks and supplies. Then he had arrowed out into the unknown at top speed. Now at last the Outer World loomed out of the void. Jon could see it was a black world, unwarmed by any sun, but strangely enough vegetation grew everywhere. Jon was puzzled until he noticed the faint glow around its dark side. Then he understood. It was a world with a high percentage of radium in its soil. Radium could heat a planet quite as well as a sun.

Landing and stepping

from his ship, Jon felt a thrill. Not even explorers had as yet come out to this remote outpost. Very likely he was the first human being to set foot here. That is, unless Brute Blasko had come here to escape the dragnet of the law. Jon almost hoped he hadn't, so that he could go back and have the distinction of being the first man to visit Outer World.

After a cursory glance around Jon took the ship up again, and began skimming low over the small planet, eyes alert for signs of the criminal. Weary hours later, Jon had covered most of the planet's surface and was almost convinced that he was alone on the deserted world. But then something caught the corner of his eye, drawing his attention.

HE beaked his small craft and alanded it down. Just below was a rude stone cabin among the vegetation. A cabin on Outer World? Was it the secret hiding-place of Blasko? Jon landed cautiously a mile away and crept close. Ray gun in hand, he approached the cabin, darting from tree to tree tensed and ready for any gunfire if it came.

When something did come from the cabin's window, Jon Jarl forgot to dodge and stood rooted in amazement. It was an arrow—an ancient weapon he had never seen before except at museums. The arrow thudded into a tree alongside Jon. Had Brute Blasko run out of ray gun charges, and resorted to the ancient arrow?

But the figure that stepped from the cabin a moment later was not that of a desperate criminal. It was a man in clothing as out-of-place in Jon's scientific age

as was the arrow. The man wore a crude buckskin costume. He had wild hair and a long unkempt beard. A word flashed instantly into Jon's mind—hermit!

"You—you live here on Outer World?" stammered Jon, still shocked at the strange apparition. "You're a—hermit?"

"Yes," he rasped. "I like—live alone. I hate people—civilization. You go—now—go—go!"

"Wait a minute," said Jon. "Not so fast. I happen to be Lt. Jon Jarl of the Space Patrol, on official business. I'm not going till I'm sure Brute Blasko isn't here. Have you seen anybody else lately?"

The hermit shook his shaggy head. "Nobody lives on this world except me." His words came colder now. "When I got disgusted with civilization, I picked this world because it's the furthest I could get away. That was—um—thirty years ago. Since then nobody's been on Outer World—nobody except you. Now you git."

"Friendly sort, aren't you?" grinned Jon. "But look, I've been cruising for a week on space rations. Can't you spare a bit of fresh meat or whatever you eat? I'd appreciate it."

For answer, the hermit growled again and brought up his bow menacingly, with an arrow ready to fly. Jon acted quickly. He batted the bow aside and crunched the fallen arrow under his heel. The hermit spat out a curse and swung angrily with his fists. Jon sidestepped, coolly caught the hermit's wrist and turned. In smooth flowing motion he jerked the hermit off his

feet, spun him over his shoulder, and landed him among bushes.

As the hermit got to his feet, quite crestfallen, Jon smiled. "Let's be friends, miner. Just give me a bite of something fresh, and then I'll be on my way."

"All right," the hermit returned, suddenly friendly. "Come in and I'll give you some fresh fruit."

INSIDE the shack, Jon took the fruit offered, a peculiar crook-shaped sort, with a tantalizing odor. As Jon ate, the hermit became a little more affable. "Living is pretty easy for me here. Warm climate, good air. Lots of small game I can shoot with my arrows. Lots of fruit too. The rest of the time I sit here and think what fools you all are back in civilization."

"A philosopher as well as a hermit," mused Jon. "Well, you may be right, who knows? But I'll be getting along now."

Jon rose—or attempted to rise. His muscles felt stiff. Swiftly, a numbness spread through him. Jon now saw the triumphant gleam in the hermit's eyes. Through his lips, before they too refused to move, Jon hissed out an accusation.

"That fruit—poisoned!"

The hermit laughed cacklingly. "No, not poisoned. It just has a drug in it that paralyzes the muscles for a time. Throw me over your shoulder, would you? Nobody can do that to me and get away with it."

The hermit now picked up Jon's stiffened form and carried it out. Jon was fully conscious, but utterly paralyzed. As he carried Jon through the vegetation, the hermit spoke.

"I'm not going to do you any harm. I'm just going to put you back in your ship. I saw where it came down."

Reaching the ship, the

hermit thrust Jon in, closing the door with a few final words. "You'll recover in an hour. When you do, get off my planet."

An hour later, Jon's muscles gradually unlocked. For an hour, he had been telling himself what he'd do to the hermit. But now, grinning, he put his hands to the controls. "Oh well, I'll let him go. It's his privilege to be alone if he chooses. I'll take my hated presence away and leave him in peace."

But at that moment Jon paused, for across the horizon flashed another rocket ship. It landed somewhere beyond the cabin. Could Brute Blasko have finally arrived on Outer World? Jon once more crept back to the shack. He arrived in time to hear a sound from within. The sound of kicking.

"Shoot arrows at me, will ya?" came in harsh tones from the window. "I'll kick ya black and blue, ya old goat."

JON recognized the voice, for the Space Patrolmen were not only shown pictures of the men they sought, but they also heard recordings of the criminals' voices. It was Brute Blasko. As Jon crept cautiously toward the window, he heard more.

"Now get up, ya old fool, and get me something to eat. I'm not gonna kill ya. I need a hideout. This cabin of yours will do and you're gonna be my servant, see?"

No answer came from the hermit. When Jon peered in the window, he saw Blasko sitting at ease, munching, while the hermit worked at the crook's muddy boots, cleaning them. Blasko held his ray gun in silent threat.

It was not in the code of the Space Patrol to shoot without warning, and besides, a shot now might hit the hermit. So Jon Jari slid

back behind a tree, gun in hand, and yelled out.

"Hello — Brute Blasko! Lt. Jon Jari of the Space Patrol outside. Toss your gun out. Or come out shooting. Take your choice."

There was startled silence from the cabin. Then a minute later, the door inched open. The nozzle of the ray-gun poked out and hissed, hitting the tree behind which Jon stood. Jari's return shot gnawed splinters off the door.

But Jon had underestimated his opponent. A second shot hissed high over his head. Too late, Jon saw what it did. A tree branch cracked off and fell on Jon, knocking his gun from his hand. Blasko rushed out of the door before Jon could make a move to pick up his gun.

"Hold it," Blasko yelled. "Stand straight and reach for ossees."

Jon complied, with a striking heart. He was trapped. Leering, Blasko approached within a few feet and leveled his gun.

JON waited for the killing blast. Time seemed to stretch into eternity. Would the shot never come? This waiting was agony. But the shot did not come.

Blasko stood rigid, leering, gun extended. Not a muscle moved. He was frozen in that position—paralyzed on his feet.

The hermit came up, a faint smile on his lips. "When he asked for something to eat," he said, "I gave him the same fruit you tried before. That'll teach him not to kick me."

"Thanks," was all Jon could think of saying, as he started to lug the stiffened form away.

All Jon heard from the hermit was a final mutter. "Now leave me in peace. Civilization—bah!"

THE END

DOPEY DANNY DEE



WIDE AWAKE!



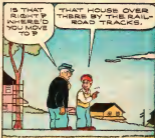
HEY, DANNY,
IS THAT
YOU?

YES,
IT'S
ME.



I'VE BEEN WONDERING
WHERE YOU ARE. I
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU
AROUND THE OLD
NEIGHBORHOOD
LATELY.

I KNOW. I
MOVED AWAY
A FEW DAYS
AGO!



IS THAT
RIGHT? WHERE'D
YOU MOVE
TO?

THAT HOUSE OVER
THERE BY THE RAIL-
ROAD TRACKS.



IT MUST BE
NOISY LIVING
THERE WITH
TRAINS ROARING
BY ALL THE
TIME.

IT IS.



DOESN'T IT
DISTURB
YOUR
SLEEP?

NO. THE
LANDLORD
SAYS I
WILL GET
USED TO IT
IN A SHORT
WHILE --



--SO FOR THE FIRST WEEK
OR SO I'M SLEEPING IN A
HOTEL UP TOWN!



AT HIS OFFICE, BILLY BATSON LOOKS AT THE CALENDAR AND SEES A VERY SIGNIFICANT DATE!

DECEMBER 24th! THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS! TONIGHT WILL BE CHRISTMAS EVE!

DECEMBER
24

I'M HAVING A CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY AT MY PLACE TONIGHT. I'VE INVITED MY SISTER MARY BATSON, UNCLE MARVEL, AND FREDDY FREEMAN, FOR A MARVEL FAMILY CELEBRATION! BE SURE MY BOSS WILL BE THERE TOO!

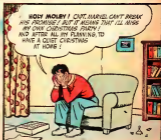
BE SURE!
YOU WON'T FORGET TO BE AT MY PARTY TONIGHT?

NO, BILLY! AND I'LL PLAY THE PART OF SANTA CLAUSE AS I PROMISED!













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